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The Fall

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The Fall

Just to stymie Lucifer and the other angels
He knows are talking union, God reorganizes,
makes Fool His chief gofer in creating out of the void
what He's deemed "the blown deuce coupe of universes."

"Hold this," says God, handing him a main gear
while adding a can of Motor Honey to the crankcase.
"What?" says Fool, who drops the slippery thing,
which rolls out the unsurpassedly burnished door,
down one of the identically impeccable hillsides,
and falls through a cloud.

"Give it here," says God,
holding out a third hand, His regular two
and His head still under the hood. Fool
looks around the shop, spots a cracked flywheel
from a heavenly tour bus and hands it over.

"Feels kinda light," says God, as He shoves it
into place and gets a little flash that He's triggered
something He foreordained in a tiff two universes ago.
"Um," answers Fool, drowned out by the gnashing.